W. Richard Weagly
901 CANDLELIGHT PLACE
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA 92037

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Dear Gene:

You may find this a strange letter, but then, I write many of them!

My New York Times arrived today, for the date of June 13, and it contains the obituary notice of Edward Greenbaum. My mind turned immediately, while I read it, to you and the devotion you supplied me when I was in what appeared to be a real battle for survival. Without your knowledge of this man and his organisation, without your deep concern for me and the good of what might be called "the cause of Riverside", this man's name might have passed before my eyes without a moment of recognition!

My memory turns backwards to the afternoon in Genoa, when you and Sunny patiently and lovingly listened to my tale of woe. Your reaction to the letters from Gene Laubach and Fred Swann showed in your face and eyes, and I felt that the bond between us became stronger and more vital, perhaps because of your own determination and Christian commitment.

My memory returns to the evening you stayed with me, and introduced me to Mrs. Pilpel, who assisted me in meeting Bill Kosmas, talented, interested, and if a typical example of "Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst", a real asset.

How can one person thank another for the sort of friendship and love you have given me? How could your vision and Bill's have been so clear as to see that leaving Riverside was the best thing I could do, and that blessings unimagined awaited in the future? Well, whatever this "God" thing is, you are one of His messengers, and even poor old Mendelssohn came up with a pretty good tune and anthem when he composed "How lovely are the messengers" for his oratorio, ST. PAUL.

I had a heart attack on March 25. The doctor said he didn't save me, as he couldn't have, and God was looking over my shoulder, quote-unquote. I laid off from then until May 4th and returned to school in time to conduct my Spring concert with the Glee Club, on May 14th, a first performance in the US of HOW THE STARS WERE MADE, by a British composer, based on a Brazilian legend, and it had a big success. Some pain, but able to function still. How long do God's blessings last? How far does He reach? Why is my faith so feeble when His evidence is so great?

We have a beautiful home, and I am happy in the marriage, despite the memories of another thirty-four years. Anna is another gift of God, and, like everything else in my life, more than I deserve. I have a contract for another year at Bishop's and tho' my Riverside salary ends in April, I hope (and should expect, by now) that God has many plans for me, even yet.

Nearly twenty-five years ago He presented me with your friendship. Saying "thanks" to Him and to you seems hardly adequate.

Love, Dick